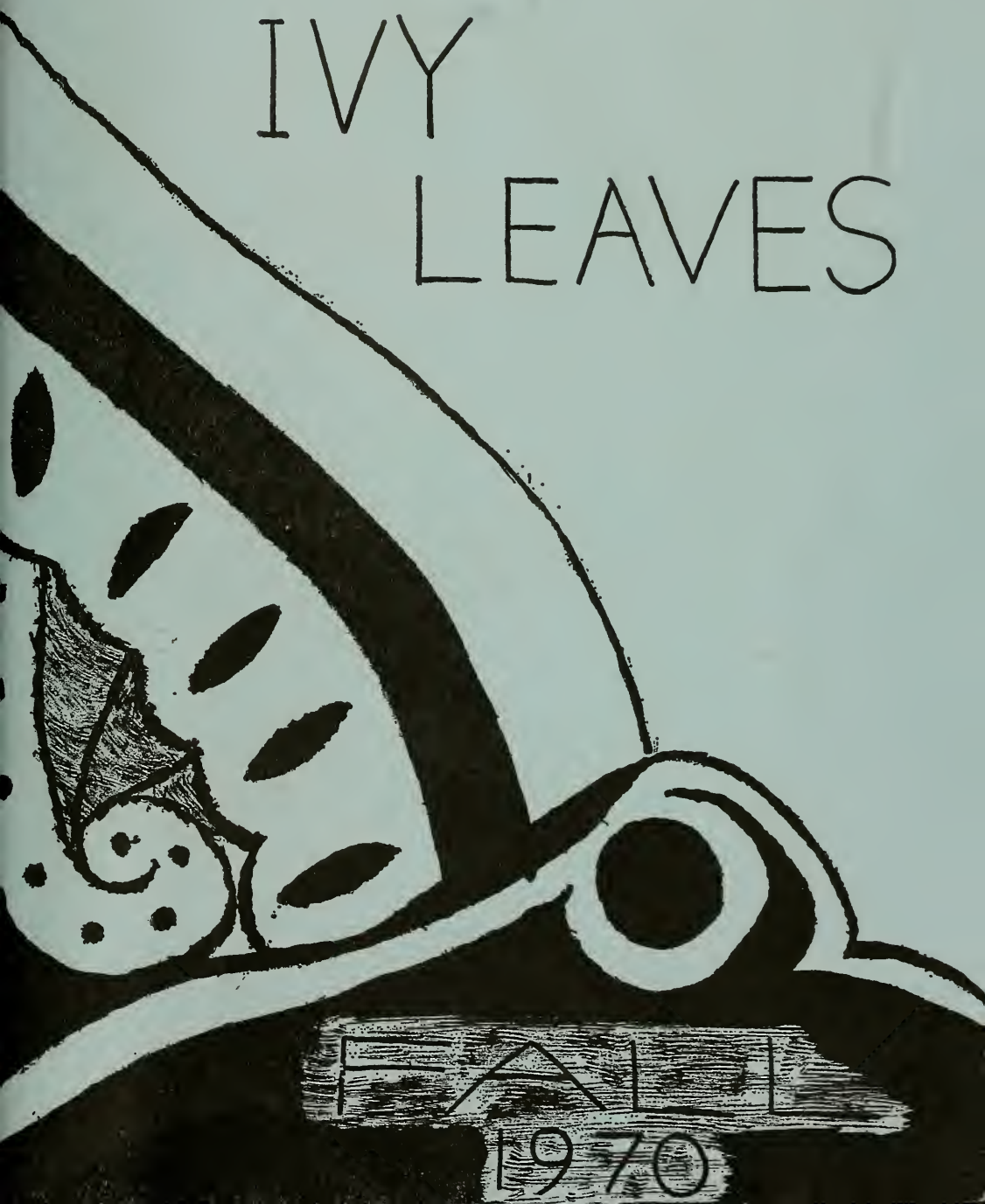


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IVY

LEAVES



FALL

1970



# IVY LEAVES

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Vol. VII

FALL 1970

No. 14

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## INTRODUCTION

. . . white columns . . . brick buildings . . . new clothes . . . dusty tomes  
. . . red and yellow leaves . . . stark limbs against the sky . . . brisk  
winds . . . crackling fires . . . laughing faces . . . growing friendships  
. . . budding love . . . sacred thoughts . . . noisy crowds . . . hungry  
minds . . . rapid cramming . . . deep searching . . . serious study . . .  
quiet contemplation . . . vivid imaginations . . . So much combines to  
create a poem, a story, a drawing—a fleeting thought, a personal feel-  
ing, a strong belief, a driving need, a whimsical idea caught for an  
audience.

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Cover Design — Phil Owens, Roger Sanford, Dickie Stewart.

## THE FALL BELLS

They rang once for most of us  
And for some of us they continue  
And not one of us can cease to remember . . .

We remember the little fellow  
At the end of six summers  
Eyes dancing, upper lip trembling

But listening, for the first time,  
To the Fall Bells;

And how they tolled,  
Those wonderful bells,  
Those demanding bells,

Through Fall and Winter  
And Spring and Fall again  
Until the years passed  
One resounding toll

And passed almost as quickly—

Passed like childhood—  
And ABC's—  
And furry bundles  
Of just plain puppy—

Passed like crowded yellow busses  
Which stopped for a moment  
Then the two steps—

And you knew it was there  
Your destiny  
Up those two steps  
So you went;

And some days you gave  
And received a day's worth  
And other days you looked out the window  
At the white clouds sailing;  
But that was part of it too

Because some day you would learn to fly  
And flying became synonymous  
With the bells;

Suddenly eighteen summers  
Had tolled past  
And you didn't know  
Where they had gone;

But felt they were somewhere  
Tucked away  
Like the prom corsages  
And football trophies . . .

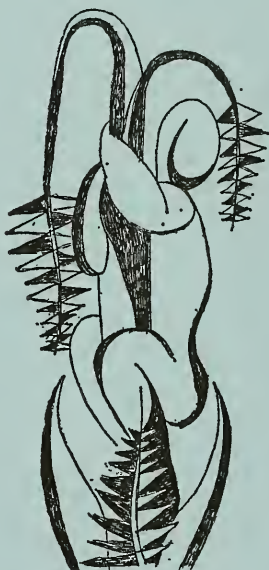
Then, in another Fall  
Perhaps you found yourself  
Amid the tolling of college bells;

It was strange at first  
You felt a little unhinged inside  
As if your heart  
Were tolling with the bells . . .  
And if you were lucky,  
It was  
And if you were blessed,  
It will never stop

For the Fall Bells are . . .

Youth  
First love  
An audible light in the darkness  
Life.

Elva C. Martin



Pdo

## MYSELF

Beyond the canyons of my mind,  
I think of secrets left behind.  
The answers are not found upon the shelf;  
Before I find others  
I must find myself.

Ozzie Givens

## AFRAID

I'm afraid now;  
Afraid I'll never know  
The happiness I once knew.  
My life was full of love, and joys,  
Laughter, and a few tears—  
I will never forget it.  
Every precious moment, even those of fear,  
And hate  
... All ... mean so much to me ... now.  
The heartbreak I feel in my heart  
Is one that no one will ever know.  
I think about the old times  
And die inside  
I try to think of the brighter tomorrow.  
I reach frantically into the future  
For some light of hope.  
But all in vain.  
Perhaps I'm dwelling on something  
That will never be,  
Of dreams that have come true and  
Are owned by the past.  
Life will go on progressing slowly,  
Until ...  
I'll try,  
To keep searching; perhaps  
Finding peace of mind,  
Or perhaps continuing to wonder  
Endlessly through the infinity  
Of my own little world.

Debbie Mellard

---

## "I AM SO DIFFERENT"

"People like me," he said,  
"People like me.  
They find it easy to out-think  
People like me."  
It seems so much fun,  
For the normal ones.  
They make me mad and I must leave,  
Because I rebel against them,  
They would know the secret I keep so well.  
The know not what it's like,  
For people like me.  
They care not,  
For people like me.  
Their pride keeps them  
From people like me.

Stan Whitson

---

## THE RAINS HAVE FALLEN

The rain have fallen on the just & unjust—  
But the unjust have unbrellas.

Rodney L. Martin



## THE BIG SNAKE

A part of the history of Mt. Creek Baptist Church on Highway 29 South.

It was 10:30 a. m. on Monday, the last one in the month of August, and Si had not yet been seen. There was work to do, to be sure, but it would have been against the law of averages had Si appeared for work on three successive Monday mornings in the summertime. Neighbors and friends often wondered why my father tolerated Si's lackadaisical way. To them Dad made no comment. However, I have heard him explain patiently to my mother that Si could do more work in one day than the average fellows could do in three. Too, he insisted, Si made life so much more interesting, for Si had that unusual quality of being where the unusual happened or of making the impossible "just pop up," in Si's own words. I can hear him saying even today, "I was going along minding my own business and guess what just popped up." Whatever it was, it was good and so different from the routine of ordinary country life that everyone who knew him had come to think of Si as an accomplished liar.

The clock showed 11:30. Si was really late this time. Even my father had begun to make low ominous sounds when Si came into the yard carrying a tremendous club-like stick. "This will be a good one," Mother remarked to us girls as we sat on the back porch watching Dad and Si approaching each other.

The improbability of Si's excuses was always in direct proportion to the number of hours he was late for work: a stray pig, a sick dog or child, a wake. He had gone the rounds several times.

"Good morning, Si."

"Good morning, Cap; look what I earned this morning." Drawing a five dollar bill from his pocket, he grinned broadly.

"Are you sure you earned it this morning and didn't win it Saturday night?"

"I know what you're thinking, but it ain't so. Honest, Cap, I earned it looking for a snake."

Now this one was a new approach all together and gave promise of being the beginning of the best tale yet. Lowering his weapon to the ground, Si leaned upon it and remarked, "You know how folks like to camp out for the night in them woods across the road from my house?"

My father nodded and Si continued. "Well, a man and woman came in about dark last night, and I let them stay there. This morning before breakfast the man came across to where I was standing in my yard and asked me to help him hunt his snake."

"Ugh."

"You don't believe me, Cap, but it's the God's truth! He has a pen on wheels that he hauls the snake in, and he never lets it out. But this morning when he went to feed it, the door was open and the snake was gone. He says that critter is fifteen feet long and has a body bigger than his. He takes it around to these carnivals and circuses and charges folks to see it."

"How did you manage to catch such a snake?"

"We didn't. It's out there in them woods yet."

"Well, what did he give you the money for?"

"To hunt that big fellar! We took sticks and beat all the leaves and bushes in that patch of woods clean up to the churchyard. It was before sunrise when we started, and he's just now left. He said he'd be back this way in about three months. If I can catch it, he'll give me a good reward and pay me for taking care of it."

Not having seen the man, the woman, or the cage, my father found it difficult to take this conversation seriously. It was a different mat-

ter with his children. Here was the excitement of the jungles right at their own doorsteps. Only parental restraint kept them from joining the search for the big snake.

All during the waning summer and into the fall, Si prowled the woods and surrounding fields. Particularly concerned was he about his own yard and house. These he searched at every opportunity. His wife and children were required to look under the bed, into the springs, and around the mattress and then to shake the covers before going to bed at night. Si insisted so sincerely that for a few days everyone complied. However, as one week grew into two, and more, doubts began to arise in all. "Seems like Cissie and the kids don't care if they do get swallowed by that monster," complained Si one day at least three months after that August morning.

"Are you still looking for that snake you never saw? Don't you know that fellow may have never had a snake?" my father replied.

"Well, what did he have that pen for?"

"I wouldn't know. But doesn't it seem strange to you that no one has seen a trace of that big snake in so small a body of woods and the churchyard and open fields surrounding it?"

"I had thought about that. Anyway it's winter now, and he's gone into a hole somewhere. I'll have to wait until next spring to look any more."

With the advent of spring, Si picked up a stick. Doubts had been sown in his brain, for he carried a much smaller weapon. Indeed, during the previous summer and fall one could have traced their insidious growth by the diminishing size of the club-like stick. Now only a frail switch was necessary to kill the mythical monster. Let it be said to Si's credit that the talk of family and friends was not altogether responsible for this state of mind. The owner had not come to claim his snake. And so Si finally abandoned his search.

Four years later, in 1920, Si and his family left the farm to work in the city. Soon Si and his snake became a part of that period of history of a community within the memory of the inhabitants and referred to as **remember when**.

People forgot except when a good yarn was needed. Then Si's snake had its turn, growing with each repetition of the story. I found the matter an excellent subject for a high school essay. "The Stubborn Liar" earned an A for me and a favorable comment from my teacher. "I feel that he was telling the truth," she added. My family and I interpreted her reaction another way: here was a budding young writer. Later my sister used the same idea with somewhat the same results so that Dad was forced to remark that he was beginning to have some respect for the power of Si's imagination.

Then one afternoon during the fall of 1934 a wide-eyed linesman of the Duke Power Company approached the front porch of our house where my father was enjoying his pipe. Handing to him the searchlight which had been borrowed earlier in the day, the electrician remarked, "You know, Mr. Mac, if I were a drinking man, I would fear that I am getting D.T.'s."

"Maybe you got too hot up in that unventilated attic at the church. That is where you've been working, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, but it's not the way I feel; it's what I saw."

"Oh?"

"You know we came for your searchlight because that attic was so everlastingly dark. Well, when I got up there and got my searchlight set. I went down to the middle of the attic to go to work. There before my very eyes lay the skeleton and skin of the largest snake I ever saw — that is outside a zoo. I know it was almost twenty feet long and it must have had a body as large as mine. I never saw anything like it."

"The darkness and the church must have had you frightened. It was probably a large highland moccasin."



"I knew no one would believe me, so I tried to pick the thing up. But it was so old that it crumbled at my touch. Really I think that it was a python. Now, I know such snakes live in jungles and that it would be impossible for one to be native to this area. The fact is snakes just don't grow that large around here. But I know what I saw."

"Well, well," shaking his head, my father continued in a very incredulous tone, "Did you stay up there and do your work?"

"Yes, I did. I was not frightened. And I can't say that I blame you for not believing me. But I do know what I saw and touched.— Anyway, thank you for the searchlight. We may be needing it again tomorrow."

"You're welcome any time."

On Friday afternoon I arrived home for the weekend. Mother, Dad and I found the new electric line and its possibilities an interesting subject for conversation. That evening at the supper table he related the story told by the linesman, concluding with the remark, "What do you suppose he saw up there?" We looked from one to the other as the light broke upon us, "Si's snake! Well, I'll be doggone."

Miss Marietta McCown

---

## LAMENT OF THE LIBRARIAN

Now we want  
to tell you that  
when you run up  
all panting and  
desperate and  
say I have a  
book report  
due tomorrow do  
you have something  
thin I can  
read it makes us  
Librarians  
pretty sad and  
cynical because  
you see we all  
cherish the  
idea that books  
should be  
selected and read  
for a few other  
reasons than  
size but we will  
always find you  
what you  
want  
although you  
may hear us sigh  
softly as



Pdo

we lead you  
to the stacks  
anyway  
there is a  
silver lining  
to our cloud  
and a happy ending  
to our story  
and more than  
blackbirds in  
our pie and  
whatever  
your favorite cliché  
may be because  
there are a lot  
of really  
good books which are  
thin  
so no  
matter how  
hard you  
fight it  
your mind  
is going  
to be  
improved in  
the library.

Brenda DuBose

## HYPOCRISY

The ball is thrown  
the batter swings,  
he misses,  
the fans boo.  
Again the pitcher throws  
again the batter swings, and misses.  
The fans boo once more .  
The pitcher throws,  
the batter swings,  
... a HIT ... the Fans?  
Cheer.

Jimmy King

---

## UNDERSTANDING

If everyone could see what the blind man sees.  
If everyone could hear what the deaf man hears,  
If everyone could speak as the mute man speaks,  
Maybe they would understand.

Doris Poole

---

## "STUPIDITY"

Stupidity is not God-given,  
Nor is it inherited.  
It's just a fault in receiving  
What has been transmitted.

Judy Keaton

---

## THE TRUTH HURTS

Twinkle, Twinkle,  
College poet;  
You're a phony  
and you know it.

Your lines are filled  
With flowery prose;  
But what you mean  
God only knows.

Donald Davis

---

## ME

Do you know there's two of me?  
One to do and one to see.  
All the while the one is botching  
The other sits, laughing, watching.

Joy Marcus

## **"GOD IS LOVE"**

He came.  
No lights flashed, no bells rang  
Only an unexplainable joy.  
And I knew it was Love.

Juanita Williams

---

## **TO LIVE**

To live every day,  
Is Man's greatest stake.  
Not to live each day,  
Is man's greatest mistake.

Joe Drennon

---

## **A RAINY DAY**

The feeling I get on a rainy day is a very sad and lonely experience. It seems as if everything is at a standstill, nothing moving, just a little breeze. The sky is cloudy and gray and off in a distance the trees are swaying lazily back and forth. The birds are quiet as if mother nature has gone to sleep for a brief period of her existence. Every now and then the sun tries dramatically to peek through the clouds to reawake mother nature from her deep sleep but is repelled. I get the feeling that I am alone in this magnificent world, running to find something but never finding it. I feel as if I am in a spinning world going so fast and never knowing where it will end. Finally when the sun peeks through the clouds a whole new world opens up for me. It seems that mother nature has awakened to finish playing her role. This gives me a feeling of warmth and security.

Jack Huggins, Jr.

## LOVE

Not as summer days and nights,  
Which slowly fade away;  
My heart is yours, eternally,  
A love that is here to stay.  
Not as a spring shower which  
one day falls,  
Then the next day you realize  
it's nowhere;  
But like the faith and existence  
of God,  
A treasured love we will always  
share.  
My darling, you give me a reason  
to live,  
A reason for hope and joy;  
A reason for judgement, security,  
and faith,  
Love is real; now I realize, it's  
no toy.

Ikey Temple

---

## The bursts of thunder

The bursts of thunder in the veins,  
The gladsome catch of breath,  
The thrill and chill  
The sudden flush  
When these are gone  
What then, my sweet?  
Is love so quickly ended?  
Ah, no, it settles down  
To stay awhile  
And throbbing with a tempo slow  
Is in the heart embedded.  
And thusly anchored, cherished there  
Withstands both time and trouble,  
A source of strength, a fount of joy  
Until the life is ended.

W. F. West, Jr.

---

## REFLECTIONS

At times it's a long stare  
(from which you quickly turn away).  
Often it's a passing gaze with a silent message.  
And once in a while it's a stolen glance, cunningly taken.  
But as always . . .  
The look in your eyes  
Makes me realize  
The reason why  
I know that I  
still . . .  
Love you.

Mary McCaskill

## LOVE

Love  
Is like  
A drug.  
When  
It's gone,  
Pain  
Returns.

Debbie Mellard

---

## LOVE

Love is something  
you create in your mind,  
It's something you dream for  
and long to find,  
It's something that force  
can't capture and hold,  
It's something that can't be bought  
with silver or gold—  
It's just getting up  
and starting each day  
By counting your blessings  
and stopping to pray,  
It's having happy thoughts  
of someone who is dear,  
It's enjoying this life  
with laughter and cheer,  
It's believing that God  
is the Creator of man  
And that He holds the world  
in the palm of His hand.

Fred McCown

---

## MY WORLD WITHOUT YOU

I built my world around you  
When the summer skies were blue.  
Now the leaves have turned to gold;  
And skies to cloudy gray,  
For you have left me and my world . . .  
To go upon your way.

It has been a season,  
Since you have left,  
The days are harsh and cold.  
The snow clings to the barren branches,  
As cherished memories I hold.

I long for your return,  
With your gaiety, laughter, and fun.  
But I know that your quest for knowledge  
Is so important in time to come.

So I'll wait with quiet patience 'til spring,  
While you study, labor, and learn  
And I'll hopefully, excitedly, eagerly  
Look forward to your eventual return.  
Ed Clayton, Jr.



## PENSEE L'AMOUR

Standing near the altar, I felt my heart beating faster and faster until my neck began to throb. My face became flushed. A thousand thoughts ran through my mind, thoughts of the wonderful times we had had together. My mind drew a vivid picture of the first night we dated. I could see her face, so pretty and her blonde hair combed and brushed to perfection. She was beautiful!

The week we spent at the beach shall always be revered in my mind. I could remember so clearly the night I realized I would always need her near. We were sitting on the terrace; an off-shore breeze was blowing lightly as a mist of rain fell. In the distance the clouds had dispersed, revealing a giant orange moon which was reflected upon the ocean. We were talking about many things. Finally we opened our hearts and minds, releasing our thoughts to each other. Our conversation continued for some time as we realized we were destined to fall in love. As I left to go to my room, I felt overjoyed. I wanted to run in the rain, sing to the stars, and yell to the top of my voice.

Years passed in seconds and my heart throbbed until my eyes lost focus of all objects close to me. Again my mind recalled the day I proposed to her. The sun shone gloriously upon the trees around the patio, and the fan whipped its cooling breath across our faces. In her eyes she had a deep, affectionate look, a look that made me recall all the good times we had had. I could no longer imagine life without her. I had to have her for my own. I turned toward her, called her name softly, and as she answered my call, she knew my next question; she placed her smooth white fingers upon my lips, smiled with a radiance that I shall never forget, and said, "Yes, I love you."

The mingled fragrance of orchids, carnations, and roses filled my nostrils and brought my mind to the realization of what was happening. I looked down upon her silky soft face. Suddenly I realized that never again would I see a smile across her fair face. The stark realization of death completely stopped all my reasons for my living. I turned and slowly walked from her casket, hoping to find a reason for living now that I had lost all that I had ever cared for.

Steve Smith

## LONELINESS

Depression is what I feel,  
Loneliness, my companion, close at my heel,  
People are all around me,  
And yet no one has time to see,  
The loneliness that is within me.

Kristine Hooper

## THE MUSIC, SOFT AND DISTANT

The music, soft and distant with its strangeness  
Floated on the wind in fluctuations irregular.  
Years ago when a man was young, he played his  
music soft and strange alone.  
Strange and soft notes bounced off aged walls,  
and echoed down long emptied corridors, only to  
be picked up and fondled by the summer winds  
and spread across the darkened countryside.  
Alone in a place with only the dead  
the stranger created legendary sounds that  
carried down through the decades the thoughts  
of loneliness.  
Ignored the feared the stranger ceased to exist  
and his flute of wood rotted to dust but still the  
music, soft and distant with its strangeness,  
Floated with the wind in fluctuations irregular.

Charles Butler

## LONELINESS

Loneliness is being divorced and hating yourself because of it.  
Loneliness is eating out alone every night at a restaurant.  
Loneliness is going to the nearest bar for a drink because you  
have no one to talk to.  
Loneliness is going back home to a cold, dark apartment.  
Loneliness is waking up the next morning to face the world alone  
with nothing to look forward to, but—more loneliness.

Juanita Williams



## SIGHTSEEING

"One Way," the military sign read. We  
Turned into the long, wide boulevard with  
The palms jutting straight and crooked and moved  
With the myriad dilapidated  
Bicycles, cars, and makeshift trucks churning  
Out Blue Smoke. The long, open street, bounded  
On either side with three-storied, walled-in  
French villas and the corrugated tin shacks  
Or "hootches" stretched far into the blue haze  
Enveloping the ever-rushing people  
Going nowhere and glad to get there whole.

The rancid, smothering diesel smoke filled the  
Nostrils and mingled with the rank smelling  
Nuoc-Mam, giving one the foul taste that stays  
the day long; bulwarked by the fish-market's  
Unmistakable first effluent yawn  
And the wet, filthy stink of the open  
Garbage heaps, the odor bored its way through  
The lungs into every fiber of  
The body. There was no distinguishing  
This moring from all the others before.

One day of filth and fear and frustration  
Like all the other countless days and weeks  
And months and years. And yet they seem to keep  
On living—or existing anyway.  
The shock of seeing children urinate  
In the puddles they play in turns into  
Dull, morbid acceptance when one sees the  
Well-dressed young man urinating in the  
Park downtown. The children—ah, the children.  
Over half, they say, never reach the age  
Of three—that "cutest" age when they wander  
Over the slimy, blackening cabbage  
Leaves and rotten fruit and spoiled fish all mixed  
Into the rats' collage—for their daily  
Bread.

The stifling mounds are everywhere. Like this  
One here, beside the makeshift bar where the  
Girls are already waving. Between us,  
As we pass in untorn olive drab, and  
The sleepy-eyed soul-sellers stands a small  
Boy atop the pygmy, stinking Everest.  
He sees the waving hands inside, and thinks  
They are for him. A quick glance at the street  
Conveys to his young and hungry brain his  
Error. The road is coming to an end.

I look at the lad, his stick with one end  
Wet, brown, and stinking—his bowl in his hand.  
The military sign had written in  
Bold letters the word "Yield." The little boy  
Smiled and then went back to his insatiate  
Digging.

D. W. James

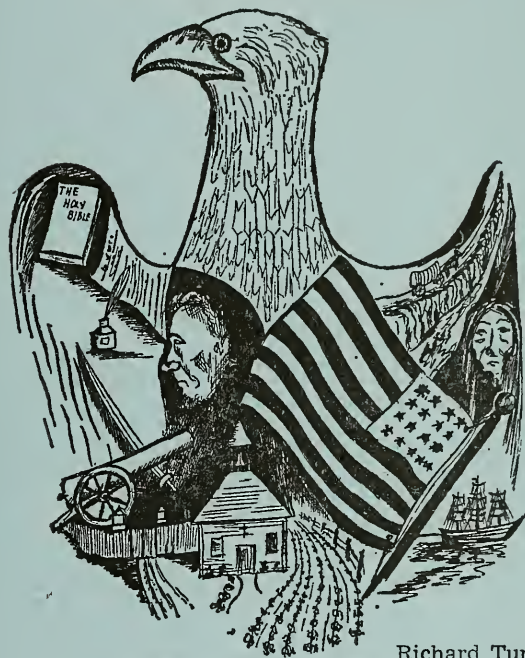
## MARCH, MARCH, MARCH . . . .

March, march, march  
Soldiers of long ago,  
Back at home their folks made flags,  
Young boys begged to go.

March, march, march,  
Soldiers of today,  
Here at home their folks burn flags,  
Young boys fight to stay.

Debbie Holland

## AMERICA'S WINGS



Richard Tumbleston

## THE WAR

There is a war in a faraway land,  
Where men are fighting for what's right,  
Fighting with great courage, power, and might.  
Crossing the seas to a faraway land,  
Facing the enemy hand to hand,  
Dying for people whom they do not know,  
Is the price for freedom we must show,  
They hear of riots in their own land,  
As they lie and bleed in the enemy's sand,  
O! Dear God have mercy and save,  
And keep this nation the land of the free  
And the home of the brave.

Randy Martin



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